

From the book "No, I have not forgotten ..."

MONOLOGUE

*Will you come?
I'll bury my face in your hair -
affectionate,
Risible.
In your eyes will see
In order suddenly
To understand:
Happiness is not a dream hackneyed fantasy.*

*Wait a minute!
Wait a minute!
If you go away, without waiting,
I'm going to die -
Here, here on this bench.
In broad daylight.
Under the branches,
Nodding to whiff
of warm wind.
I'm going to die!
Do not believe me? ..*

*People!
Stop! Don't fear
Be late for a minute.
Listen to this:
I cannot live without her, do not want!
You see, that's right?
And she
Does not want, she laughs ...*

*Well, today I will be alone,
As one was I yesterday.
The whole evening ...
And the night ...
I can not sleep:
I will listen to my heartbeat ...
And you quietly will fall asleep,
because
you love the whole world.
And for some reason
I love You ...*

1977

THE VISION

*On that day, the Sabbath,
He came into our larg synagogue -
hitherto unknown to man
in modest clothing,
in normal appearance.*

*His Eyes only revived
His thin and haggard face:
the Great Fire of Faith
was In them .*

*He stood - tall and straight
Extraordinary..
He stood alone -
and stretched thin arms
pleading, invocatory
jubilant and proud gesture
Skyward.*

*And he cried like thunder,
out of time
of common prayer,
that everyone know,
Familiar words:
- Blessed are You, Lord ours!
L-rd our, King of the Universe!*

*And he turned to us.
And he said,
in the ancient Aramaic:*

*- Messiah is coming!
You descendants of receiving the Torah,
So be worthy to,
that will be accomplished:
With Unity and infinite Love
to your people and to the Lord,
With Hope refresh
Your immortal souls!
And the commandment tablets of stone,
Do not delay, do not hesitate
To your purpose in life
declare.
And follow them amicably.
I said.*

*And suddenly disappeared
the strange stranger,
an ordinary man
In the poor clothing.*

*And the pale silence
reigned*

*among praying people,
were praying hitherto
so familiar and easy,
the way that will now
not have ...*

*I've seen it, heard it.
But others I did not dare to ask
If they also saw it
or I alone
was witness of miraculous appearance,
distracted from prayer common
What should not I do*

*But I see clearly since
The Eyes
And hear
The Voice ...*

19 February 2002

DREAMS OF LOVE

*The girl was playing on an old piano
The finest nocturne of Ferenc Liszt.
I listened to - and my soul trembled
With happiness, with Bliss and love.*

*Louder, louder sounds were heard,
And I heard a passionate call obscure.
For what? Where were the sounds of soul called?
I was not able to respond at those minutes.*

*The last sound sounded – and again
The surrounding world appeared: dusty, gray,*

*With vain and empty concerns,
With treachery, betrayal and with lies.*

*But did not sloshed of my soul
The miracle of connection to great mystery:
There was the music in my sad soul,
To her courage and hope returning.*

*Years and decade have passed,
But Liszt's nocturne the third alive in soul.
The heady delight of "Dreams of Love"
Gently softens the bitterness of events.*

6 February 2005

THE CONDUCTOR

*He stood before the conductor's stand.
He seemed a certain commander:
The orchestra responded meekly
His imperious gestures.*

*The Conductor took off like a bird.
Fought like a brave warrior.
He dreamed of as a youth in love.
He asked if the old beggar.*

*And then the music died down,
Then surged menacingly toward the sky,
Then cried, then crumpled,
Obedient to the will of strokes.*

*And there were people in the audience,
And with them administered a miracle:
Breaking through the veil of the century,
In their hearts*

*poured
Mozart.*

1981.